Come ſhall wee goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, priſoners,

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou ſhalt behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond heere was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why wee are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? his mind

Biſh. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.
Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere
Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know
But for his purpoſe in the Coronati
I haue not ſounded him, nor he delig
His graces pleaſure any way therei
But you my L. may name the tim
And in the Dukes behalfe He giue
Which I preſume he will take in goo
Biſh. Now in good time heere com

Enter Gloceſt

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all g
I haue beene long a ſleepe, but now
My abſence doth neglect no great d
Which by my preſence might haue
Buc. Had not you come vpon you
William L. *Haſtings* had now pron
I meane your voyce from crowning
Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no ma
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and
Haſt. I thanke your grace.
Glo. My Lord of *Elie*.
Biſh. My Lord.
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne
I ſaw good ſtrawberies in your gard
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſome of t
Biſh. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in ou
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo ho
As he will looſe his head ere giue con
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull h
Shall looſe the royalty of *Englands* t
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. I
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe th
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſ
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouid
As elſe I would be, were the day pro

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I h

G

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